s. Featherweight's Musical Moments

BRADY

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MRS. FEATHERWEIGHT'S MUSICAL MOMENTS

"I Make a Point of Dressing Simply"

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Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments

By JOHN BRADY

ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHOR

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MRS. FEATHERWEIGHT'S MUSICAL MOMENTS

MRS. FEATHERWEIGHT'S MUSICAL MOMENTS

"GEORGE says," complained Mrs. Featherweight to her caller, "that I look like a mountain peak covered with snow in my white gown. Do you think it makes me look—a—larger? I am so glad to hear you say so, dearie. Men are such brutes. I am sure after marrying three times I ought to know. My dear, they are like peas in a pod, some big, some little, but only peas after all.

"You know I abhor being conspicuous and always make a point of dressing simply. Just because I wore some few pieces of jewelry to the opera the other night, George said I looked like a jeweler's show-case with all that junk on. Yes, he called it junk. I tried to explain that I con-

sider it a duty one does the artists to look a little bit festive, but you might as well save your breath. Men have no conception of the proprieties as we understand them. I just told him then and there, that if I waited until he asked me to go anywhere, but to one of his old vaudeville shows, I would be dead and in my grave. He hasn't a spark of sympathy, and laughed in the most hateful way. You can't drag him to the opera and he always sleeps through a concert.

"And would you believe, it, dearie, before we were married he pretended to like Wagner. He calls Fido 'Siegfried' because he says he yelps just like a German tenor. You may laugh, dearie, but I think it is perfectly disgusting to talk so. My dear, take my advice and never let a man suspect that you think he is funny or your life will be a burden.

"What I have suffered with my sensitive nature nobody will ever know. I suppose it is because of my musical temperament. You know, before I was first married, everybody thought I would go in for grand opera, I had such a lovely voice. People said it was very much like Patti's with the advantage of a dramatic quality. My waist measure was sixteen inches and I might have had a career, and probably be at the *Manhattan* now.

Nordica and I are about the same age. Those newspaper critics are such a cold blooded set. No, I don't know any of them, but they are men and that is enough for me. Zenatello has a magnificent voice. The upper register is particularly fine. Of course, he isn't a Caruso, but what of that? You wouldn't want all tenors to sing alike. I am not Caruso mad. I grant all you say about his voice, but artistically he does some of the most glaringly vulgar things. Why shouldn't I know? I was brought up on Lehmann and Jean de Reszke, and if you live to be a thousand years old you will never hear two greater artists. Mrs. Pushbutton says it provokes her to hear me go on as if I knew it all. I'm sure I don't pretend to, but I certainly know good singing. At least, I am not going to let other people's ears do my listening for me. Now, Gerville Reache has one of the most appealing contraltos I have heard in ages, and yet Mrs. Bumptious, who is really quite musical, can't bear her voice, calls her a female baritone. To hear her talk you would think she was the only person in the world who knew anything about voice placing.

"By the way, do you remember Signorina Gilhooley who used to do millinery and manicuring? Well, she has gone in for deep breathing and

voice placing. Isn't it perfectly awful? But I will say this for her, she certainly had the real French touch with a feather. Who are you studying with now? You don't say! I thought he was a coach. I always said that if your voice was properly placed you would sing beautifully because you are so temperamental.

"That is a perfect love of a hat. I have been admiring it ever since you came in. Your old feather boa? Mercy! Looks just like a French creation. Now do come in again soon. It's a perfect treat to see you. Good-by! Well," said Mrs. Featherweight as she closed the door, "such a fright of a hat. It's a pity some people have so little taste. But she has no temperament and that makes a great difference."

SOME NEW METHODS

"SHE has had eight teachers the past season and what she has suffered no words could express. She started as a low contralto and ended as a high coleratura. There ought to be a law against such things. Who am I talking about? Why, Myrtilla Martyn—she spells it with a y——" Mrs. Featherweight stopped to blow in her glove, "called yesterday, and I must say she knows more about vocal methods than anybody I ever met.

"The only one who did her any good at all was Mme. Chestheaver, who made her lie on the floor and then try to hit the ceiling with her high tones.

"Then she pinched her nostrils together with her thumb and third finger and tried to force the breath through the nose for resonance, and chewed on a rubber cork to loosen up the jaws.

"Well, no, Myrtilla said her voice did not improve, but she was so tired after a lesson that she had to go to bed. Naturally, she felt as if she had been doing something and that was more than she did with any of the others.

"After having had eight teachers she thinks her voice ought to be perfectly placed, but it isn't.

"She believes in studying with everybody and culling the best from each.

"I was telling Mrs. Pushbutton about Myrtilla's troubles and she was perfectly heartless. She said her sympathies were entirely with teachers who had such fools for pupils. Did you ever?

"I never pay the least attention to her opinions. Myrtilla Martyn is no fool. I wish Mrs. Pushbutton was half as stylish, then she might talk.

"Myrtilla is with Professor Breathemout at present, and she finds him temperamentally congenial. For a vocal teacher he is unusually broad-minded and makes a specialty of breathing. He believes in three kinds—abdominal, diaphragmatic and chest, and you can take your choice.

"Myrtilla is taking chest because the others are apt to develop the hips.

"I wanted her to tell me what his method is like, but she said she hadn't grasped the idea yet.

The professor told her that it would burst upon her, so she is waiting. He insists on doing no practice whatever, and Myrtilla says that idea has always appealed to her as so sane.

"Blanche Sharpe, who has the room next hers, agrees with her and says that all this voice placing and technical work is awfully old fashioned. She is coaching with Smoothemdown, who says it is a waste of time to voice place.

"Blanche says that everybody, nowadays, is going in for the natural method of individual expression which includes the development of the temperamental ego. Do you know what that means? No? Neither do I, but, Myrtilla is going in for it—if Professor Breathemout doesn't continue temperamentally congenial.

"Nettye Smith-Smythe, who lives in the same house is studying the Phonograph Method, which also appeals strongly to Myrtilla.

"For her low and medium tones Nettye uses a Schumann-Heink record and a Melba for the high

register. Nettye had such a lovely thing happen to her last week. Her uncle was hit by an auto and she got all his money and now she doesn't speak to the other girls. Money makes such a change in some people.

"But Blanche got even with her. Nettye was practising her low tones staccatto and Blanche asked who owned the auto horn. She is real witty, but wears magenta with her red hair. But maybe the combination expresses something in her method.

"Myrtilla thinks in the end she will take up the Phonograph Method because it is so up-to-date. She is so progressive and wears beautiful furs. And yet Mrs. Pushbutton considers her a fool."

PIANO PLAYING

"DON'T you love piano playing?" asked Mrs. Featherweight. "Music is such an absolute necessity to a sensitive, highly strung nature like mine, that I would simply die if I didn't have the opera and concerts to keep me up. Sometimes I wish I wasn't so temperamental. It must be so restful to be free from the yearnings that we artistic natures feel can never be satisfied in this life. A piano recital is a real tonic to me. Mrs. Pushbutton, the woman with that frightfully small waist whom you passed on the stairs, says that it is pure affectation on my part to say that I like Bach. But to be misunderstood seems to be the fate of lovers of the beautiful. She was crazy

"Little Josef"

however, to hear Paderewski because she had heard me rave about him—you know how I used to worship his playing. Well, Mrs. Underneath, a perfectly dear woman—not at all good-looking but exquisite taste in dress, lost her mother-in-law just after she had bought seats for his first recital. How things do happen. She felt so terribly distressed over her loss, I mean the tickets of course, that I bought them for half price and that was some consolation to her. I like to do a kind act when I can. I was going anyway, but I like to have company. Even Mrs. Pushbutton is better than none. She had invited me to go with her that morning to see some tableaux for charity so I had to ask her. If I had only known I would never have gone to the tableaux, charity or no charity. My dear, what do you suppose? She had cut the back out of her black princess gown and posed as 'The Lady With a Rose.' It was positively indecent! And she had the impudence to pretend innocence when I just told her what I thought of such carryings on. Said she did it for charity. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you wanted to show your back.' 'And,' said she, 'isn't it charity to let people see it when backs are so rare?' I wouldn't have done it for all the gold in Guinea. But, as I was saying about Paderewski, we had

the loveliest seats in the second row and I was looking forward with anticipations of pleasure when a most disagreeable thing occurred. A little skeezicks of a man behind me tried to make me take off my hat. He was one of those newspaper critics I suppose. I just would not do it, as I had on a flat sailor that a child could see over without standing up. I could tell by the looks of him that he just hates women. I don't see what men go to matinees for anyway. They are perfect nuisances and have no consideration. Anyway, I would have died rather than take it off as I had my hair done low and no pompadour. I never was so annoyed. Oh! yes—about Paderewski. Deliver me from such piano pounding. I was never more amazed in my life at the deterioration in his playing. It was such a disappointment. Why little Josef Hofmann is so far ahead of him that they are not to be mentioned in the same class. I could have cried every time Paderewski thumped, literally thumped, a heavy chord, it was so unmusical. Another idol with feet of clay. I didn't open the piano for days until I heard De Pachmann, who is what I call a piano player, not a piano pounder. He brought back my desire to hear more so I opened the piano again. When we got up to go I turned,

Mrs. Pushbutton Posing as "The Lady With a Rose"

and if I didn't give the man behind me a look I wouldn't say so. 'Madam,' said he, 'haven't you dropped something?' I looked down to see and he said: 'I only meant your manners.' Well, if I wasn't mad. I drew myself up and said: 'Keep them if you find them, you need them more than I do.' Sometimes I wonder why men were ever born. Mrs. Pushbutton enjoyed the recital so much. Found it so restful. She slept throughout."

VOICELESS SINGERS

"NOW, see here, George Featherweight," demanded his better half, "you needn't get behind the paper and pretend to be reading. I declare it is beyond bearing the way we women are treated. Here we sit the livelong day with not a soul to speak to, and when you come home you grab the paper before anybody can get hold of it and read all about that foolish ball game. What was the score anyway? Two to three? Mercy, I am glad Mrs. Pushbutton and I didn't go. It must have been a punk game. Do you know, George, her language is getting fierce. At the last game we went to she called the umpire an 'old dub.' I hope I shall never forget that I am a lady. She nearly killed me to-day, dragging me all over town to a fire sale at Madame Irene's,

Mrs. Featherweight in the Misses' Department

then to a phonograph place where she made them play every record they had and then said we would be in again, and before you could stop her she dashed over to Sallem's and after I had got stuck in a revolving door and tripped on a moving stairway we landed in the misses' department. Of all things I abhor the misses' department. I wouldn't try on a misses' suit if they gave me one for nothing.

"You thought I had been sitting home all day? If that isn't just like you men. Begrudge me that little diversion. If it wasn't for Mrs. Pushbutton I would never get a breath of air. Say, George, do you know you are getting gray at the sides? I never noticed it before. It comes from worrying about what is to become of this country? But Teddy saved it. I think Taft has such a dear, smiling face. Large people are apt to be smiling and amiable.

"But what I wanted to tell you is that after I got home and was looking forward to a nice, restful hour, Mrs. Burnt-Jones called. Why, she is the fifth vice-president of the Jersey Chaminades and awfully swell. She almost had a box at the opera once. Since the day the *Metropolitan* opened she has had subscription seats and considers herself an authority on musical matters.

"Mrs. Pushbutton calls her a musical bluff and can't bear her. I hoped she wouldn't come up, but Mrs. Burnt-Jones had hardly seated herself when in she walked with a cup in her hand to borrow some sugar. All an excuse I believe. Some people are so curious.

"Mrs. Burnt-Wood was as polite as could be and said she supposed she was busy getting a wardrobe ready for the winter, and, if you please, Mrs. Pushbutton said, in that tone of voice that makes me creep, that she wasn't bothering as she had an opera cloak and a bunch of gardenias and felt ready for any emergency. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable so I introduced the subject of music and for a few moments everything was lovely. Even Mrs. Pushbutton thinks Bloomfield-Zeisler's playing is adorable although she says she looks like a series of right angles.

"I was congratulating myself on my tact when, unfortunately, Mrs. Burnt-Brown, asked her if she had heard the glorious singing of Dr. Wulnerr. And Mrs. Pushbutton said that she hadn't. 'Why, yes, you have,' I said, 'you went to two of his recitals with me.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I didn't know that was called singing.' Mrs. Burnt-Black was breathing hard and she said in the most icy way that she had never heard such divine inter-

pretations. 'Do you understand German?' Mrs. Pushbutton asked her and she had to admit that she did not. 'Then,' said Mrs. P., 'how do you know whether they were divine or not?' I knew from her tone that nothing would stop her and on she went.

"'A song recital,' she said, 'should above all things show the art of singing at its best, and to accept such a pretence at singing and theatrical posing as Wulnerr gives is to make a farce of the highest form of vocal art. These voiceless singers who lean on the crutch of interpretation for support should not be allowed to call their recitals song recitals.'

"Mrs. Burnt-Orange was furious, and said in the most sneering way:

"'The very idea! Why, Dr. Mushy used Wulnerr as a text for one of his sermons.'

"And what did Mrs. Pushbutton say to that? Why, in that honey sweet way that makes me so excited she asked, 'Had he exhausted the gospels?'

"Before I could get on my feet,

Mrs. Burnt-Jones had slammed the door after her and was gone.

"You are glad Mrs. Pushbutton spoke her mind? Well, so am I, but, oh, George, I am beginning to wonder if going to the opera makes people musical?"

MAYBELLE

"MAYBELLE Simps is back," announced Mrs. Featherweight, "and you ought to have heard her go on about the difference between this country and Germany. You know she has been living in Leipzig for the past five years studying music and she says that there isn't one thing right about this country. Mrs. Pushbutton asked her why she didn't stay in Leipzig, and Maybelle was so annoyed. She said because her money had given out, and Mrs. Pushbutton said that she thought both countries very much alike in respect to not being able to live in either without it. After that Maybelle addressed her conversation entirely to me and was so interesting. She thinks the way we dress over here is simply awful. Not a bit

" We girls have to be so careful"

like Leipzig. She is so wrapped up in her art that she could never become the slave of fashion. When she first went over she couldn't decide whether to take up grand opera or the grand piano, but Herr Winkelaugen told her that with her touch and personality she would make the public forget that Carreno ever lived and now, just when with a few years more study, she could sweep all before her, she had to come home and try and raise some money. Mrs. Pushbutton said her wonderful touch ought to help some, whatever she meant. Maybelle ignored her. Not having the real artistic atmosphere over here she said we couldn't be expected to appreciate true merit. Why, after her five years abroad, she called on Stella Perkins—she went to school with her mother—and what did she find? Stella just starting for the train to make a concert tour. And she has never lived in a pension with sausages four times a day, or set foot on foreign soil. Maybelle rightly wanted to know what was the use of going abroad at all when people at home were doing such things behind your back. It

really was trying after all the years of sacrifice and withstanding the temptations that lie in wait at every corner. She said girls have to be so careful all the time. Why, one night, when she was coming from a musicale given by Fraulein Lotti Smeichler, who is a perfect Greek type and once sang in the opera at Rheinwein-on-the-Zuk, she heard a man following her. She was so frightened that she stood perfectly still, unable to move. It was an awful moment. What happened? Why, he passed right by her, so near she could have touched him. When Mrs. Pushbutton heard this she gave a shriek, and exclaiming, 'Oh! I shall die!' left the room. She does have such queer spells. It wasn't anything serious. Maybelle had called to see if I would start a subscription to get her back to Leipzig. I said I would ask George about it. Yes, I asked him, and he said that the only subscription he would let me start would be one to get Maybelle into the Old Ladies' Home. So, of course, I couldn't do anything and now she will have to go to teaching, when, as she says, she could die playing Chopin. Mrs. Pushbutton says she deserves to for trying. Anyway, I wish we had some of that artistic atmosphere over here. It must be lovely."

AN INFORMAL MUSICALE

"DON'T ever mention her name to me again." Mrs. Featherweight was really vexed. "Whose? Why, Mrs. Pushbutton's, of course. It makes me so mad when I think of the deceitful way she acted. And you know what friends we were. Just like sisters, and I told her everything. But after last night I shall never have much confidence in her. You see, Mrs. Bumptious has a niece stopping with her; came on to study for grand opera and will accept a church position meanwhile. You know the kind! Knowing how musical I am, Mrs. Bumptious wanted my opinion on her voice, so she called me on the 'phone and asked if she might bring her over the next night. I said of course she might and I would ask in some musical friends.

"I Wore My Old Black Lace"

I am always trying to make life pleasant for people, although I never get a thank you for it. Sometimes I think I will have the 'phone taken out. It is so awfully handy that before I got through the few friends had become a regular crowd. Well, at any rate, I asked my nephew, Willie Stutterton Smythe, the tenor, and fortunately he had nothing on hand. He is awfully popular so I considered myself lucky. Then I asked Gussie Gushington, who adores 'Chopang,' and plays that sweet thing 'Fruhlingsrauchen' so well. Of course I had to ask Mrs. Pushbutton, because I wanted to borrow her plates for the salad. As it was an informal affair I didn't mind asking her although I knew she would wear that rag of a black princess. I wore my old black lace and only a few pieces of jewelry, as I think it is very poor taste for the hostess to be too dressy, don't you? Everybody but Mrs. Pushbutton had arrived and Willie was about to sing 'Dreaming, Only Dreaming,' when in she came, and I had to clutch the table to keep me from falling. It wasn't the princess, I expected that, but her hair. Would you believe it, she had

the brazenness to have it arranged like Geraldine Farrar's at a Sunday night concert, piled high with a silver green ribbon run through it. She swept in and greeted me as if she hadn't seen me for ages. Such deceit! When only a few moments before she had sent me up plates on the dumbwaiter. Everybody had their eyes on her, and poor Willie looked as if he could never close his eyes to dream again. After things settled down he managed to sing but was too excited to do himself justice. I heard George tell Mrs. Pushbutton that it wasn't half bad if you didn't look at him. So insulting! And my own nephew. On top of that she had the impertinence to tell Willie that she thought his voice would repay cultivation, and he has been with Dewern Good, the voice placer, for six years. Then Gussie played and everybody talked. She is so temperamental she never noticed it and kept right on. But afterwards I heard her ask Mrs. Pushbutton if she didn't think Brahms perfectly adorable and she told her that she had never seen any. Gussie looked so pained. She is so sensitive. I felt sorry for her. Then that husband of mine insisted on Mrs. Pushbutton playing ragtime and I could have strangled him. After that I gave up. What can you do if your husband

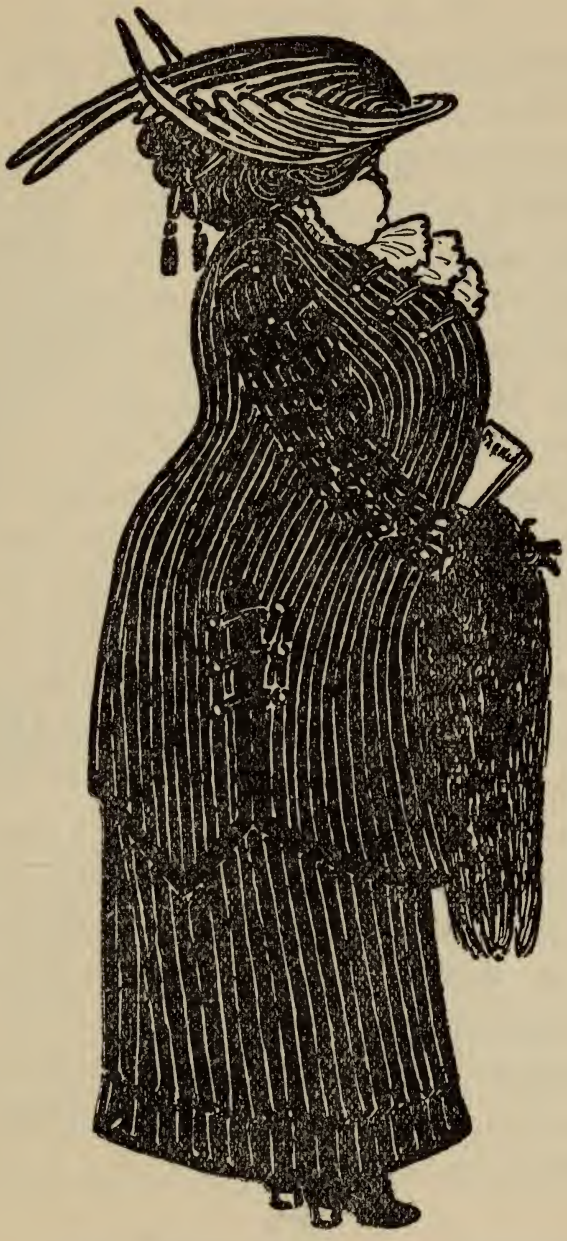
Mrs. Pushbutton Sweeps In

has no sense of dignity? She began telling funny stories and everybody simply screamed with laughter although I failed to see why. You would think it was her party. I thought Mrs. Bumptious would be mad as hops, but she said she would rather hear a good story than a song any day and she would bring her niece some other time. And the niece didn't mind either. But I did and I was as cool as you please. I simply couldn't get over Mrs. Pushbutton not letting me know she was going to wear her hair that way."

FRENCH

"ISN'T French the most puzzling language? My, I don't see how anybody can understand it. But Gussie — you remember Miss Gushington who used to play 'Fruhlingsrauschen' — induced me to join in a class because she gets a rebate or something on every pupil she brings in. And, anyway, I am always trying to improve my mind. Besides, as Gussie is going to marry my nephew, Willie Stutterton Smythe, I thought it my duty to encourage her. Yes, they are to be married at last, thanks to me. Willie was so obstinate at first —men never know what is good for them—that I was in despair. Why, when I told him that I had heard a certain young lady say that she thought men were so noble, and after I had told

him her name, he said, 'Oh, that goose!' Some people would have been discouraged, but I was determined and now it is all settled. When I told George he threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'Poor Willie!' 'Poor Willie, indeed,' said I, 'What's the matter with poor Gussie who thinks men are so noble? Think of when she wakes up and finds what you are like!' I never knew anything like the way men hang together. It is all one can do to manage them, they are so mulish. Well, as I was saying about French, I joined the class, and I shall never forget the sensation I made in my striped walking suit and green hat with the gold tassels at the first lesson. Mam'selle is a perfectly wonderful teacher. She teaches conversationally. She was born in New York and educated in Paris, so, of course, she has the best French. But she talks so fast I can hardly understand a word, and neither can Gussie, although she had ten lessons in the spring before she went abroad. And she says that she doesn't believe the French understand their own language. She had such a time whenever she spoke the simplest sentence from 'A Guide to French Without a Teacher.' All they do over there, it seems, is to shrug their shoulders. Isn't it queer? Why, one day in Varsalls—what did you say they call it? Varsay?



Mrs. Featherweight goes in for French

Mercy! Well, at any rate, Gussie asked a waiter to bring her something or other and, would you believe, he could not grasp what she said and he asked her in English what she wanted. Which only goes to prove, as Gussie says, that the French find other languages easier than their own. But she received a fine compliment on her accent. Somebody said she had never heard anything like it in all her life. And she was an American lady who had lived in Paris. But travel does improve a person. Gussie was prettier than ever when she came back. She wore her hair in a new style and brought back the most wonderful gowns. You know people either buy gowns or have their voices placed in Paris. I wanted Mrs. Pushbutton to join the class but she said she knew enough to order from a bill-of-fare and to deceive the public and that was enough for her. She is all for show. I am glad I am thorough. If it wasn't for the verbs I shouldn't have half so much trouble. One woman said she wrote them out and pinned them on her pompadour and they seemed to sink in. I tried it and wore them around for a whole day but it wasn't of any use. Oh, yes, I shall continue because they say if you understand the language you really can enjoy 'Pelleas and Melisande.' "

"PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

"HORRORS," exclaimed Mrs. Featherweight, rolling her eyes toward the ceiling, "I never want to hear another 'lyric drama,' as they call it, again. You thought it was an opera? Mercy! No! It is a 'lyric drama' and the most absurd pose imaginable. George says it must be a perfect cinch, whatever that means, for singers who are losing their voices or have only a few good tones. Mary Garden is at her best in it because she doesn't have any real singing to do, so her shortcomings vocally are not so apparent. The man who sings, or, rather, tries to sing 'Pelleas,' has the poorest excuse for a singing voice I ever heard, and yet he doesn't damage the rôle in the least; so, you see, almost anybody who can manage the queer intervals and act fairly well will do. It's a mercy they don't call it an opera, for that presupposes

rhythm, melody and all the other necessary qualities that go to make an opera. 'Pelleas and Melisande' is simply atmosphere, and depressing atmosphere at that. Atmosphere is all very well as a background, but you can't make me believe that recitative alone is satisfying. Mrs. Pushbutton says that I am too old-fashioned and did not grasp the mystic symbolism. The very idea! Wouldn't that make you mad? And she knows as much about music as a fish does about chiffon. Just because somebody said she resembles Mary Garden you can't keep her away from the *Manhattan,* and I believe she sleeps in her black princess. She never wears anything else and such posing! Well, as I was saying, I may be old-fashioned, but I have musical perception and can grasp the fact that 'Pelleas and Melisande' is purely an affectation in musical expression. A sort of a conscious effort to do something unusual. You know as well as I do that you cannot do anything worth while in music unless it comes to you inspirationally, and without satisfying moments of pure melody and a definite rhythm it can never last. A lyric drama is neither good opera nor good drama and an insincere form of expression. Now Wagner I loved from the first and even Strauss impressed me, in spots, but I have come to the con-

clusion that Debusy is good for flavoring purposes only. That stagey, long drawn out death scene in the last act is simply tiresome. 'Pelleas' is killed without making a gasp, but you know that 'Melisande' would never consent to die without a chance to show off. It wasn't a bit convincing to me. There was a girl behind who exclaimed, 'Oh! dear! I just hate death scenes, we have had so many in our family!' Sure as I am sitting here! Wasn't it perfectly awful? I guess she didn't realize how it sounded, poor child. I was so depressed that I made George take me out to a vaudeville show that night and I laughed till I cried. There was a—— Oh! must you go so soon? I declare it doesn't seem a moment since you came. Do drop in often. You are a perfect treat. Good-by!

"How she does run on!" mused Mrs. Featherweight. "I could hardly get in a word, but I was determined to tell her about 'Pelleas and Melisande.' I hope she tells Pushbutton what I said about her."

"If you have never known a breaking heart"

THE EXPERIENCE OF THELMA THUMPER

"DID I ever tell you about Thelma Thumper's sad experience?" asked Mrs. Featherweight in a tone of voice that suggested disappointment if she had.

"I am surprised you haven't heard about it. Isn't it simply terrible the sorrow that comes into some lives? It seems unjust when some people go scot free. There is Mrs. Pushbutton, for instance. I've never heard that woman admit that she ever had a care. She says it isn't sporty to air your troubles. Sporty! Isn't that vulgar? I just told her it was very easy for one to talk who had never known a breaking heart."

Mrs. Featherweight sighed as one who knew from experience.

"But, as I was saying, Thelma Thumper's case was certainly a sad one. When her father died

she was obliged to do something to support herself. Her brother offered to give her a position in his office, but her artistic nature rebelled at the thought of being just a common working girl. You didn't know she was artistic? My! You should see some of her burnt wood work. She makes her own designs and they are so odd. You never saw anything like them.

"Well, of course, there was only one thing left for a refined nature to do, give music lessons. To be sure, Thelma doesn't know much about music, but everybody teaches it. There is no law against it that I ever heard of. She got out some lovely cards with a picture of St. Cecelia in the corner, but nobody seemed to want to have their children study with her. I don't see why. All children study music but nobody ever expects them to play, and Thelma would be as good as the rest as far as results go. And the cards were so pretty, although my teacher used to say that only a saint could play with her hands in that position.

"However, she got three pupils at last, enough to keep her going, as Thelma said, until her aunt died.

"You see this aunt had told Thelma that everything she had would be hers after death, so she

was naturally fond of her. And the aunt did die quite suddenly and Thelma was dreadfully shocked. George says joy sometimes kills. He can't bear Thelma. But men are so queer in their dislikes. They are queer any way you take them.

"The aunt died so suddenly that Thelma didn't have a stitch of mourning, so she appealed to me. But my things were too large—she is painfully thin, something like Mrs. Pushbutton. I thought maybe she would let Thelma have her old black princess, but she said it was at the dressmaker's being revised. I wish someone would steal the old thing. Between Mrs. Underneath and Mrs. Upperfloor we managed to get enough black together, and with my dull jet chain and bracelets Thelma looked fit for any kind of a funeral. She wanted to make a showing proper to her position as heiress. She was a pathetic figure going away. I am so sensitive to black.

"But that wasn't the saddest part. I shall never forget Thelma's return. Of all the inconsiderate people her aunt was the worst. What do you suppose she had the face to do after all? Die and

"I Gave Him a Look" (See page 24)

not leave a cent. You never saw anybody angrier than Thelma. She went right home and put on a red gown. And you couldn't blame her after such a disappointment. She didn't care what became of her and went to work in her brother's office and married the bookkeeper last week."

Mrs. Featherweight's Green Walking Suit

A MUSICAL BREAKFAST

"YES, I am going out later. Mrs. Pushbutton begged me to go to a matinee with her and, although I have a splitting headache and really ought to be in bed, she simply would not let me off—said I needed a little diversion. I wish we were more congenial. You know I have the artistic temperament. It runs in our family to be musical and have thick hair. I want you to meet her. People simply rave about her figure. She calls it *svelte,* but I think she is nothing but skin and bone. Don't you hate dark, thin women? Somehow I never trust them. But I must tell you about the Ladies' Auxiliary Mendelssohn Musical Breakfast. It was a per-

fectly elegant affair. All the members wore their very best. Each member was allowed to bring a friend, so just out of compliment I asked Mrs. Pushbutton, not thinking for a moment that she would accept, as she has nothing but her everlasting black princess to wear. But, mercy! she grabbed the invitation as if it were something good to eat—said she had heard so much about the old ladies that she was dying to meet them. Well, maybe I wasn't mad! I told her that they might be old but their gowns were not. I said that hoping she would realize that it was to be a dressy affair and not go, but, bless you, she said it couldn't be too dressy for her. And, my dear, what that woman did in the next few hours was a caution. She telephoned her sister, a perfectly lovely woman, large and blonde—not a bit like Mrs. Pushbutton—and asked her to send down her silver fox set. The most beautiful furs you ever saw and so expensive. Did you ever know such impertinence? Then she went out on Columbus Avenue and pretty soon I saw her coming back with a hat in a bag. And such a bargain! Only a dollar, and one of the new shapes. And I wish you could see it now! She trimmed it with an old Spanish lace scarf. You would never believe how stylish it looks.

Everybody wanted to know who she was

Then she borrowed a string of puffs from Mrs. Upperfloor. They were much lighter than her own hair—she has a mere wisp—but she said that did not make any difference if you had temperament. Temperament! Hmf. Well, at any rate, you never saw such a transformation. Everybody was asking who she was, and sugar wouldn't melt in her mouth she was so sweet. But I know her so well that I could tell from her expression that she was dying to laugh when our president, Madame Rhinestone Schmidt, at the request of the members, sang 'Because' to her own superb accompaniment. To be sure her voice is not what it once was, but she has a beautiful A flat, and, anyway, as a guest, I think Mrs. Pushbutton should have assumed a different expression. When Mrs. Lowtone read a beautiful paper on 'Should the Upper Tones Be Pinched,' Mrs. Pushbutton had the impudence to suggest that the poor things should be given their freedom, and everybody laughed. I didn't see anything to laugh at. And this morning as I was waiting for the dumbwaiter, I overheard her telling Mrs. Underneath that she believed the Ladies' Auixliary was the finest collection of antiques in town. Oh! Here she comes now. Well, dearie, I thought you would never get here, and Mrs. Waitingyet was determined to

Rhinestone-Schmidt Accompanies Herself Superbly

meet you because I have been telling her how charming you are. I was saying to George only the other day that if the Pushbuttons move away from here we will go, too. I just couldn't live without you, dearie!"

THE NEW SOPRANO

"IT stands to reason," asserted Mrs. F., positively, "that if the eye is pleased, the mind is elevated. I can't understand why the committee found fault with the soprano that sang last Sunday. Why, it was a perfect pleasure to see anybody so dressy in the choir. And they say she came from Boston, although you would never suspect it from the dramatic way in which she sang. You felt at once that she was one of those singers who graduate from the choir to the stage. I forgot where I was and would have applauded if Mrs. Pushbutton hadn't grabbed my hands.

"We have the hardest committee in the world to sing for. Of course you know that you don't have to be musical to be on the committee. You didn't know it? I am surprised. I supposed everybody knew that. If you are rich enough to be influential that is all that is necessary. There is Mrs. Smith, widow of Smith the banker, who wouldn't know whether you were speaking or singing, one of our mainstays in all choir decisions. She said the Boston soprano sang with too much feeling and she didn't think it was right to sing with feeling in church. And Mr. Blutdurstig, a retired butcher, said he didn't like the range of her middle tones. He belongs to a Turnverein or something, and they say the Germans are musical, but I never heard such an expression from a musical person. The other member of the committee is Mr. Snodgrass, who wears whiskers and looks important. But he has more money than everybody in the church combined so they have to let him have a say about the choir. He thought the Boston soprano was too good looking for church work. The men heard about it and there was an overflow meeting in the evening, and anything that will attract the men to church ought to be commended.

"Well, at any rate, they had a new singer the

From Boston

following Sunday, and Mrs. Pushbutton said she looked like a sick calf and sang like a weasel. I didn't know that weasels sang. And as we were coming out I saw Mr. Blutdurstig standing at the door bowing and scraping and I knew he would speak to us. Mrs. Pushbutton can't bear him and when he said, 'Well, Mrs. Pushbutton, we've got a soprano at last. How is that for a voice?' I knew she would say something. And she did. 'Oh,' she said as if very much surprised, 'was that her natural voice? I thought she was using a whistle.' Well, dearie, you should have seen his face. I believe he will die of apoplexy one of these days. I shudder even now when I think what would have happened if he had heard her say that about a sick calf.

"What difference did it make to him?

"Why, my dear, the soprano was the butcher's daughter."

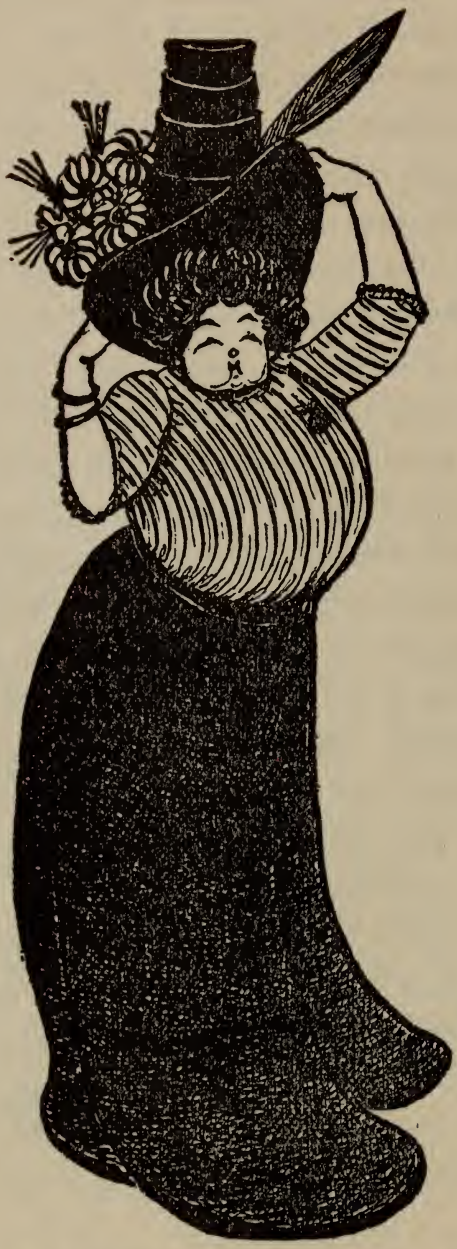
MUSICAL GRAFTERS

"WHO is your Fluffy Ruffles friend I just met going out?" asked the caller as Mrs. Featherweight was about to pour a cup of tea.

"My friend?" Mrs. Featherweight quickly put the tea-pot down and held up her hand in protest. "She is no friend of mine, I assure you. Cream or lemon? George says I should use condensed milk as more up-to-date. Ha—Ha! He is simply the most impossible man. But to get back to the young lady you mentioned. I must tell you that she is a musical grafter. I wonder where I got that name. Oh, yes! George always calls her that. What does the name mean? It is easy to see that you are a stranger to the inner musical circles or

you wouldn't ask. If you went about as much as I do to receptions with music and studio musicales with tea you would soon learn. Why, do you know, I can pick out a would-be prima donna on sight." Mrs. Featherweight waited for her last remark to sink in and then continued. "The young lady is a fine specimen of grafter. You thought her eyes appealing, I suppose, and her hair so artistically careless? I thought so! Everybody gets that impression at first. Would you believe that her eyebrows are works of art and that careless arrangement of hair takes an hour if it takes a minute to perfect! If you should meet her to-morrow you will find every careless hair in the same place and the appealing expression a fixture. She goes everywhere and seems always ready to oblige with a solo. Her voice is rather a fine one naturally and no prima donna could give a better imitation of being overwhelmed modestly with the applause she receives. Sometimes she gets very little but she acts her overwhelmed rôle just the same. People say the first time, 'Isn't she perfectly charming?' And later on they change 'charming' to 'horrid.' I did my best to avoid an introduction but she was too much for me. Deliver me from people with that appealing expression. After the introduction

I got away as quickly as I could as I thought she might ask what I thought of her singing. I am truthful above all things and no one ever hears me say a word about a living being unless to their credit. But these are simply facts. Well, what do you suppose she did? You would never believe it. Sent me six tickets, two dollars and a half each, for her benefit concert at the Waldorf. Cheeky? Well, I should say, and you can go to the opera for a dollar and a half and tip the usher for a seat. I sat right down, enclosed the tickets in an envelope with my card, and sent them back and glad to do it. Imagine my amazement to find them in my mail the next morning with a note saying that she must insist on my taking them and disposing of them to my friends as she had a dentist's bill to pay. Just as true as gospel! It seems incredible! Even George was mad about it and he settled her without ado. What brought her to-day? My dear, she came to announce her engagement to Fitznoodle with perfect loads of money and likely to die and leave her a rich widow. Isn't it perfectly frightful? Somebody ought to tell him. I'll speak to George."



"So few can wear these high hats."

BEHIND THE DOOR

"I AM surprised, dearie, at you," Mrs. Featherweight looked reproachfully at her visitor, "and your grandfather a Bishop, too. The Salome dance should not interest you. But I may as well tell you.

"This morning, after I had come in from marketing, I thought I would go down and see how Mrs. Pushbutton was, as she had a cold yesterday and couldn't go to her music lesson. She has become so musical there is no standing her. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler is the only one who can play the piano and I don't know what all. She makes me sick.

"Well, as I was saying, I always try to be neighborly, so I went down and as I am accustomed to do, I opened the door, after tapping lightly, and walked in. And the sight that met my eyes! Well, dearie, perhaps I had better not

Mrs. Everflirt

go on. Of course, if you insist. There was Mrs. Pushbutton giving an imitation of the Salome dance, and that poor, dear, innocent Drusilla Deepgrief keeping time clapping her hands and Mrs. Everflirt, the giddy thing, urging them on. I knew, of course, that Drusilla was in no way to blame. My heart went out to her, knowing a widow's feelings. She is still inconsolable over the death of her husband who died last month. Her mourning is perfectly sweet and such good style. It arrived from Paris just in time for the funeral. She knew he was going to die, and she told me she thought it best to be prepared, so that she would have nothing on her mind to prevent giving way to her grief. She is so sensitive, they say, that she weeps every time she looks at a man. Mrs. Pushbutton says because she can't have him. Isn't she a heartless piece.

"And after the way she went on about Salome, as if it was so frightfully shocking. She said it was a disgusting thing, the nudity of women on the stage, and she wouldn't go across the street

Ready for any emergency

to see a bareback or a bare-foot dancer. And to think she would do the Salome dance behind the door. Haven't you ever seen her? Why she's the thin, dark woman that wears a black princess everywhere she goes. She says that if you have a black gown, a bunch of gardenias and an opera cloak, you are ready for any emergency. Well, when I went in everything came to a stop and Mrs. Pushbutton nearly had hysterics from laughter. As if there was anything to laugh at. And the strangest part of it was that she has never seen a Salome dance, but was making it up from what Drusilla told her. How do you suppose she knew?

"Anyway, I think as a friend, Mrs. Pushbutton might have let me know she was going to do it. I can't bear secrecy."

Mrs. Featherweight in Princess

MRS. PUSHBUTTON ENTERTAINS

"HM!" sniffed Mrs. Featherweight, "Mrs. Pushbutton thinks that her afternoons at home even up all her social obligations. For my part, I consider it a cheap way when you accept other people's invitations as much as she does. Oh! yes, I know she always has a crowd and they profess to have a good time. But what do they ever get but a cup of tea and a wafer, or at the very most a chafing dish dinner, which is simply an apology. George is crazy about her rarebits and Mr. Pushbutton seems to think she beats any chef that ever lived. Poor man, I don't believe he gets enough to eat. No, he doesn't appear to be starved, but he is like I am, large and commanding, and a small appetite. He should be urged to eat more. Really, sometimes I wonder how I ever live when

I eat so little. But I was going to tell you about Mrs. Pushbutton's musicale with bridge. It was really swell. I never knew that she was acquainted with so many musical people. But I suppose she plausied them up in that honey-sweet way of hers and they came because they didn't know how to refuse gracefully. And, would you believe it, she had printed programs for the music and a caterer. You can't be up to her, she is such a deep one. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, although I was so fagged out from shopping with her that morning I was ready for the doctor. The way that woman scurried around hunting for ready-made suits—you know she has a ready-made figure and can wear anything—was astonishing. I wouldn't wear a ready-made gown if you paid me. I never go in that store but I am insulted. But Mrs. Pushbutton will go anywhere if she smells a bargain. We had no more than got inside the door when one of those common clerks said 'extra sizes on the third floor, madam,' and I had on my dark green walking suit that makes me look so much smaller. But as I was saying, the musicale was simply delightful. I would go anywhere for music. Madame Ripplingscale, the pianist, was the lioness of the evening. The way she swept those keys from one

The Lioness of the Piano

end of the piano to the other was simply enchanting. I wish I had kept up my practice; I had such strong fourth fingers. Then Percy McGuinness sang selections from 'Faust.' Have you ever heard him in opera? Perfectly dear and he has a high C almost as good as Caruso's. His 'Celeste Aida' did not go so well, but afterwards he sang a group of Irish songs in Italian that were perfectly fascinating. The program closed with recitations by Flora MacWhorter Dubbs, who improvises her accompaniments. She was a perfect picture in pink brocade and I never knew anybody look more soulful at the piano. I wore purple velvet made princess and maybe Mrs. Pushbutton's eyes didn't stick out when she saw me. She hinted one day that large women couldn't wear princess and I guess she changed her mind when I appeared. George said I looked queenly and I guess for once he was right, although a man's opinion about anything doesn't amount to much. Hm! yes, she wore her black princess."

"I Never Saw Anybody So Soulful at the Piano"

Gussie Gushington

THE CHAMINADES' MI-CAREME

"OF all things!" Mrs. Featherweight hung up the receiver, her face expressing great amazement. "Well, I never! Who do you suppose that was? Carrie Perkins, the president of the Chaminades. She said that she is cleaning house and hasn't had a minute to get up a paper on 'Atmosphere In Music,' which she is to read this afternoon. She wanted to know what it means. Of course I couldn't tell her off-hand in that way, although my vocal teacher used to be always at me to make my tones atmospheric, so I ought to know something about it.

"I am surprised at Carrie Perkins. Why, she has the loveliest library with all the books bound to match the decorations. To be sure she doesn't

Mrs. Featherweight

know anything about music, but has a beautiful house for meetings. We gave the Mi-Careme there. What does Mi-Careme mean? Oh, something or other about Lent. We invited the Brooklyn Madrigals, so we had to do something extra swell. I invited Mrs. Pushbutton because she always makes such an impression. I don't understand why it is, but she does.

"There is one woman we did not want to ask because she always wears a cape and gaiters. We called a meeting and sat on it and decided not to send her an invitation. But it was no use. She sent us a check and said she supposed her invitation had gone astray. We felt perfectly terrible about her coming because we knew those women from the Park Slope would say we had no style.

"Anyway, after all our worry, things happened in such a way, that it didn't make a bit of difference. Not one of the Madrigals put in an appearance. It was a perfect shame after the trou-

ble we had taken to hire some one to give a lecture on 'Women Composers,' in French. If we had known they were not coming we wouldn't have had her, as not one of us understands the language. Mrs. Pushbutton paid the greatest attention and seemed to applaud at just the right time, although she doesn't know any more than I do. She told Carrie Perkins the lecturer had a Hoboken accent.

"Really, Mrs. Pushbutton was the whole thing and talked about Strauss and all the rest of them as if she knew them personally. Everybody thought she was too stylish for words, and would you believe she wore an old turban that she made out of nothing. She has made turbans of everything in the flat. And those furs! Well, it makes me laugh. Why—promise not to breathe it—they are made of a skin her brother sent her to use as a rug for the hall. I'd feel as if I was going to be arrested if I did such a thing.

"And the meanest thing happened. I was just going to sing, 'A Madrigal,' when someone said they heard the six-thirty coming and everybody grabbed their things and stampeded. I was so mortified! It's always that way."

Mrs. Pushbutton's Furs

That Appealing Expression

MRS. FEATHERWEIGHT SINGS FOR THE CHAMINADE CLUB

"NO, really, I am not going out for an hour yet. Now, do sit down!" Mrs. Featherweight's caller allowed herself to be persuaded while that worthy lady began the ceremony of putting on her new spring hat. "You know," she rattled on, there is real art in getting a hat on at just the right angle. You would never guess what I paid for this! Six thirty-eight reduced from thirty-four seventy-three! One of the new shapes. Do you like it? So few can wear the high crown, but the clerk said it was most becoming to me on account of my face being—er—a—round. I bought it in a hurry to wear to the first meeting of the Jersey Chaminade Club. They invited me to sing and, although I haven't sung for ages, I thought I

At the Club

would try. Of course, being a ladies' club and named after Chaminade, I thought I ought to sing one of her songs, so I asked Mrs. Pushbutton about it and she offered me two albums of Chaminade songs to select from. I had no idea she had written so many. You know I never cared very much about women composers anyway. That's one thing I give men credit for doing better than women. Well, I never can learn anything from an album. I was brought up on sheet music, so Mrs. Pushbutton selected 'A Madrigal,' a queer sort of French thing, and after the music came I practiced like a perfect slave to get it ready. Mrs. Pushbutton said to sing any old thing and call it Chaminade and they wouldn't know the difference, but I am above all things conscientious. Well, I was in fine form before I started. You know the ladies of Jersey felt the need of culture and decided that there is nothing like a music club to elevate the condition of the lower classes and give tone to the town. Somebody suggested calling the club by the name of some one of our American composers, but they were all so easy to pronounce so that was voted down. How is Chaminade pronounced anyway? You don't say! How queer. Well, Mrs. Rocks being the richest woman in town, was elected

president, of course, although she doesn't know a note from a pound of butter. But she has a perfectly lovely house for meetings and when I arrived I found the greatest commotion. It seems the secretary of the club is going to be married and had forgotten to notify Mrs. Rocks that the meeting was to be held at her house, and when the members arrived they were told that she was in bed with an attack of grippe and sent down word—she is horribly practical—that she wouldn't come down for Chaminade herself. I didn't blame her after seeing Chaminade's photograph. My dear, no style whatever. But Mrs. Rocks said to make ourselves at home, so the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Knockem, who wore the only other high crown and is frightfully intellectual. Spent two days getting a paper on Chaminade from the encyclopædia. But the most awful thing happened. One of the ladies started the question of whether the new High School should be built on the East or the West side and such screaming you never heard in your life. They nearly came to blows. It was simply scandalous. Mrs. Knockem rapped for order and begged them to be quiet as I was going to sing, but they just backed out into the dining room and hallway and kept at it harder than ever. Of course, it was

useless to sing 'A Madrigal' then and I had to catch the six-thirty train. So I came away. Wasn't it perfectly horrible? Oh yes, I am going to the next meeting. You know I love excitement."

Terribly Temperamental

ON THE COAST

"AREN'T those western women the greatest talkers you ever heard?" asked Mrs. Featherweight as she carefully folded her new veil. "I met that Mrs. Chit-Chatterton from Seattle on the car this morning and it was as much as your life was worth to get in a word. And all she can talk about is 'the coast,' 'Seattle,' 'Skagway,' 'Dawson,' 'Fairbanks' and 'Nome.'

'Seattle indeed! Why, to hear her go on you would suppose that everything from the hobble skirt to airships originated in that town and then came East. The idea! Why, it's miles even from Albany.

"I wouldn't pay the slightest attention to her—

she makes me so nervous the way her glasses are always catching in her veil—if it wasn't for the way she is forever bragging about the musical culture of the coast. It makes me sick to hear her bladge about the West when everybody with a grain of sense admits that the more you hear the more you know, and if you don't have opportunities for hearing, you can't know much.

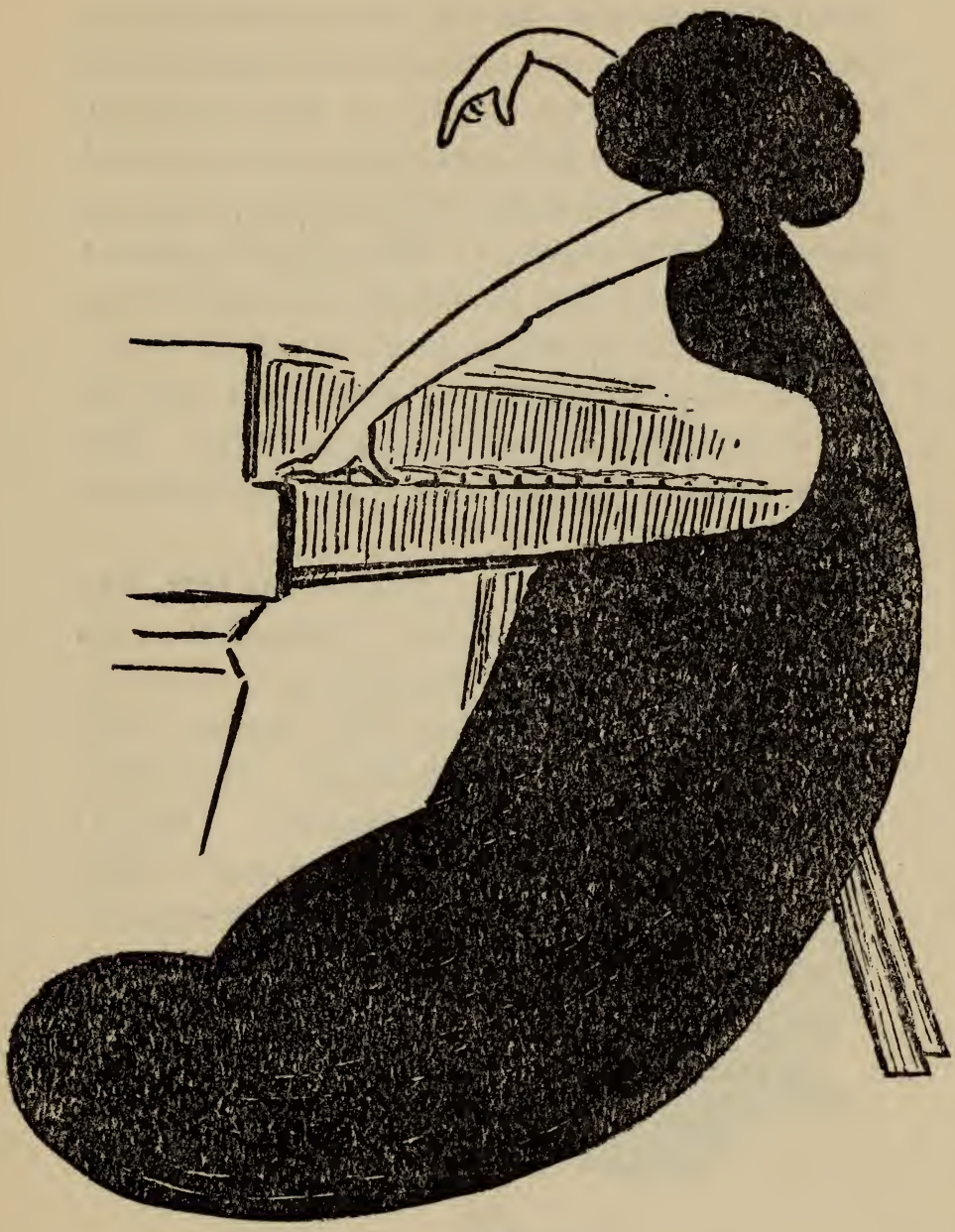
"It is a very dangerous thing to be such a talker as she is. Where do you suppose she ever got a hyphenated name? I thought they originated at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"Well, anyway, she talks too much. I shall never forget the way she misled Addie Addlepate and Constance Smith Smythe, who sang at the *Metropolitan* last season. Why, what if it was in the chorus? They had to get stage experience some way. And, besides, Addie's teacher told her that if she ever got a chance to sing 'Carmen' she would astonish some people.

"Mrs. Pushbutton said he never spoke a truer word.

"And, as Constance so truly said before she sailed last week, it is useless to hope for recognition without a foreign reputation, so she has gone to Peruna or somewhere to get one.

"But, as I was saying about Mrs. Chit-Chatter-



Theodosia

ton, I introduced them at a musical tea, a lovely affair, by the way. I'll tell you about it some time —and the way she described the wonderful opportunities on that everlasting coast simply turned their heads and they decided to ask Theodosia Nix, the pianist, to join them and go out there and give a few concerts and make enough to go to Europe for the summer. Mrs. Chit-Chatterton was so glib with her Skagways and Nomes that they supposed they were a lot of one night stands. I asked Mrs. Pushbutton if they were, and she said it depended on how long you stayed. But, mercy, dearie, you might as well ask a child for information.

"Well, at any rate, they called themselves the Metropolitan Operatic Trio and started with bright hopes. Were their hopes realized? Mercy! I should say not! Why, Seattle is a day's ride if it it's an hour from Chicago, and those other places were farther from Seattle than Skenateles is from New York. Wasn't it out-

rageous to deceive them so? Fortunately they met a friend of Addie's who loaned them money to come back, and do you know they actually said the coast had some musical, really musical, people, too. The idea!

"They said there was a place called Portland that actually—but there, my dear——

"Mrs. Pushbutton is from the West? Yes, from Cleveland, Ohio."

"I Looked Like a Nun Beside Her"

VOICE PLACING

"GRACIOUS!" exclaimed Mrs. Featherweight, sinking into a chair, "don't speak to me until I get my breath. If I haven't put in a day," she continued, before anybody could interrupt her, "then I wouldn't say so. You know how Mrs. Bumptious bragged about that niece of hers being such a fine singer. Well, this morning she called me on the 'phone and wanted my advice about a teacher, and said she would be indebted beyond words if I would suggest somebody who would be able to give Clytie —her name is Clytemnestra Smoggs—some finishing lessons. As a friend, there was nothing left for me in all common decency to do but offer to help her find one. All the teachers I ever studied with are dead and buried, so I called Mrs. Pushbutton to the dumbwaiter and before I hardly got the words out of my mouth she volunteered to go

with us. And the questions she asked those teachers! You may smile, George, but I was simply mortified beyond everything. Mrs. Bumptious had an appointment at the dentist's—she is getting a full upper set made with gold filling in the front, as natural as life—so she couldn't go and we met Clytie on the corner. She was a sight to behold. Really I looked like a nun beside her. Mrs. Pushbutton said her gown was a scream and her hat a yell, whatever she meant by that. Well, the first one we called on was Herr Lautstimme, a very impressive man, and he explained all about abdominal breathing and asked Mrs. Pushbutton to feel how he breathed, but she had the grace to refuse. Then he roared some tones. Well, George, you know my ear and how sensitive I am. I couldn't stand for that and we came away without Clytie having sung. Anyway, I think a girl should study with a woman, because women are so much more sympathetic than men. So we called on Mme. Sangfroid, who doesn't believe in anything but chest breathing and thinks men are disgusting creatures. I rather liked her until she began to illustrate her method and I could see Mrs. Pushbutton was going to ask some foolish question and I made an excuse to get away before she had time to say anything. Then we saw

Herr Lautstimme

Miss Tremolo Pyker's name on a door and rang the bell. Miss Pyker doesn't believe in breathing at all and said the secret of voice placing was all in the nose. And before I could stop her Mrs. Pushbutton asked if the size of the nose made any difference in the size of the voice. Well, maybe Miss Pyker didn't give her a look! Unfortunately, she had her artist pupil sing for us, and the way she growled her way through 'O mio Fernando' without getting any nearer her nose than the throat, convinced me that Miss Pyker would never do and we backed out as gracefully as we could. It is so easy to get in, but, mercy, the getting out is so embarrassing. Sig. Pullamini was the next one and he talked Italian all the time and I didn't know a word he said, but Mrs. Pushbutton acted as if she had been born in Italy. And the only word she knew was 'scala,' which she said means step-ladder. How she knew so much about Italian is more than I can fathom. After we left Sig. Pullamini we must have seen a dozen others and you wouldn't believe how many ways there are to breathe and all the teachers seem to have a different part of the anatomy for the placing of the voice. One said it was caused by vibrations of the spine and another that it struck the top of the head and

Hobbled

exploded in tone waves. Well, I can't remember all, but it was very instructive if you could grasp it. Mrs. Pushbutton asked one man if he thought it wrong to force the voice out through the ears instead of the mouth and the poor man looked so bewildered. But what do you think! The last one we called on instantly informed us that he charged two dollars for hearing voices. The very idea! I never heard of such a thing. But he had perfectly lovely eyes. Mrs. Pushbutton said, without asking me, that she thought it very right that he should and would he kindly give his honest opinion about the young lady's voice. We had not heard her up to that moment. He immediately, without saying a word about how wonderful he was himself, asked her to sing. She opened her roll and handed him a piece of music, And, George, to my dying day I shall never forget Clytemnestra Smoggs' singing of 'I Love and the World Is Mine.' You couldn't call it singing. Mrs. Pushbutton said afterward that it is a wonder he didn't have us arrested. But he was nice as could be and told her the honest truth about her voice. And how did she take it? Why she said she didn't think much of the teachers in New York and she guessed she would go to Paris. Did you ever?"

BORED-TO-DEATH BY THE SEA

"WHERE are you going this summer?" asked Mrs. Featherweight in her most polite tone. "You don't say! Mercy, no, I wouldn't go to Europe for the world. Why, it makes me feel queer to go to Staten Island in the ferry. Mrs. Pushbutton says it is because I am going to Staten Island. The idea!

"I suppose I shall go to Bored-To-Death as usual, although it is not what it once was. Mrs. Pushbutton came down last season and stayed two days, but she created more excitement in that time than they had in years. The whole town went to the train to see her off. You would think she was the president. And she said the place was most appropriately named. I was glad to see her go.

That old lady with the ear trumpet, who lives on the veranda, said she hoped my daughter would come again. Such an insult! Perhaps I won't go there again, after all.

"If Mrs. Pushbutton wanted more life she should have waited for the Kickover Whist Convention, which was held at our hotel. Do you play? Then you know how exciting it is. But, mercy, an ordinary game is like a prayer meeting compared with the annual convention. You know we elect officers. Every woman has a different candidate and we electioneer and do just as the men do. We had an orchestra concealed behind the palms, but you couldn't hear a sound. I was so bewildered that when I trumped my partner's ace, she got right up and left the table. So rude! But she was from Jersey City.

"And in the confusion I voted for Mrs. William Walkover White, who always wears shirtwaists and the worst hats. I was so mad, because I wanted to vote for Mrs. Charles Gott Turnddown who has such a beautiful house uptown near the Drive. She is so dressy and presided in a near-Directoire. Gets all her clothes made out of town, in Goshen or somewhere, and they are so different from what you see usually. And so progressive! Takes a daily vocal lesson. At her age, too. Did

Mrs. Howard Getaway Withitt

you say Mrs. White would make a good president? Why, my dear, she wasn't elected. Mercy, no! That little Mrs. Howard Getaway Withitt got the most votes. You might know she would! Aren't those Brooklyn women the grabbiest set? Since they have through express trains they almost make themselves believe that they live in New York. Why, tell me, pray, who gets every cut glass pitcher or silver pickle dish? Mrs. Somebody-or-other from Brooklyn. Every prize the Kickovers put up goes across the bridge, and after seven years in that club I got my first pin last week. If we could get Mrs. Pushbutton to join I am sure we could beat Brooklyn all hollow. But she is so exasperating. She says she wouldn't consider it much of a victory. And, if you please, she intimated that it was a game for old women.

"But the convention was a grand success. The dressiest we have ever had.

"Priscilla Fanuella Sleepiton, a pianist from Philadelphia, who was stopping at the hotel, had, at my request, prepared a Brahms' sonata and two Bach fugues to entertain the Kickovers, but she didn't have a chance. Anyway, I asked her to play them for me and it was so soothing that after the first note I went sound asleep. Brahms is so refreshing."

TETRAZZINI

"MERCY! Don't sit on that chair!" almost shrieked Mrs. Featherweight. "You know," she explained, "how velvet takes the pattern of a cane seat. I had my black velvet coat absolutely ruined by that very chair. But it is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good. I gave it to the cook. George says she had a whole suit made out of it and gave the rest to the poor. To hear him talk you would suppose I was a perfect mountain. He is just as provoking as ever. You know everybody that is anybody at all wants to hear Tetrazzini once, at least, if only to have the satsifaction of being up-to-date, but you can't get that man to budge toward anything but vaudeville. I have

simply given up trying to make him accept culture and the New Thought. Have I heard her? Yes, indeed! I always make it a point to hear all the famous singers. It is so broadening and educational. Mrs. Pushbutton very kindly offered to go with me, at her own expense, of course. She raves about Mary Garden, so you see she can't be very musical. But any port in a storm. I had to accept her or go alone. And such a mortifying experience as I had getting tickets. I was standing at the window trying to make up my mind whether to take aisle seats or farther back in the center, when I heard somebody in the line say: 'Please ask Tetrazzini to hurry up!' 'Where is she?' asked somebody, and the same voice said: 'The fat woman at the window.' I was simply enraged because, as usual, I was quietly dressed. I always try to keep from extremes, and I drew myself up and swept out of that place in a way that must have impressed those people that I could be dignified if I am—er—stout. I went right out and bought the seats from a speculator, although against my principles. I asked him, just through curiosity, if he lost any money on Pelleas and Melisande, and what do you suppose the wretch said? 'Madam,' said he, 'while you were asleep, we lost thousands of dollars.'

"I Drew Myself Up and Swept Out"

" 'Serves you right,' said I, 'for doing the public.'

"And he had the impertinence to say to my face: 'We have to do 'em to live.'

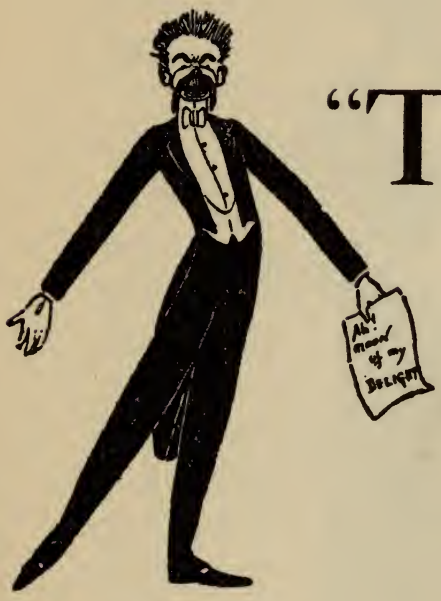
"Really," Mrs. Featherweight assumed her most virtuous expression, "I don't know what we are coming to when such people get so familiar with their betters. I was telling Mrs. Pushbutton about it and she said that this is a free country and that he probably considered himself my equal. She is the most provoking person. Sometimes she makes me so mad I think I will never speak to her again, but it wouldn't make any impression. She would simply laugh at me—Oh, yes! I forgot all about Tetrazzini. How did I like her singing? Well, you see, my dear, Sembrich is my idol. What has that to do with it? Why everything, of course. Sembrich is in the same class, but there is this difference: Sembrich is an artist and Tetrazzini is simply a singer. Yes. I agree with you, a natural born singer, with an electrifying upper register and amazing facility. But it only goes to prove that nature can be improved upon and it takes brains to do the improving. Now I had just such a high register, but everybody exclaimed over the beautiful evenness throughout, not a break for two octaves and a

"That old black princess"

half and—— Oh! I am so sorry you must go. You come so seldom. I was saying to George only the other day—— Well, good-by!

"If that isn't always the way with sopranos!" Mrs. Featherweight was indignant. "If you let them talk about their own voices they are perfectly happy, but mention your own and they can't get away fast enough. Humph!"

A STUDIO MUSICALE



"THERE is something about studio life that appeals to me," Mrs. Featherweight remarked as one who belonged to the inner circle of Bohemia. "I suppose it is my temperament. If it wasn't for George I would like to take a studio in Mariaculture Hall. I was at a musicale Professor Yellitout gave last night, and it was a charming affair. My niece Isolde is studying with him and I was so pleased with the Professor's ideas of voice. They appealed to my romantic nature. I am full of romance although you might not think so because I try to suppress my natural inclinations. There is so little sympathy with sentiment or romance these days.

Mme. Bluff-Screecher

"I suppose you never heard about Professor Yellitout. But it isn't the one you hear about that is the best teacher. Mercy, no! He believes in high placing, just back of the ears, which seems so reasonable. The breath starts the spinal column vibrating, thereby causing the overtones that preserve the freshness of the voice until you are eighty or over.

"He had always been interested in the voice, and one day after hearing a cow moo, he said it came to him as a revelation that he had a message for the world. Nature was his teacher and after six weeks in the country listening to the sounds of birds and rustling leaves he came back to town and opened a studio.

Professor Yellitout thinks Isolde has a future. I told Mrs. Pushbutton that and she said everybody had of one kind or another. But, of course, he meant a musical future. She looked so sweetly pretty in her white gown that you could predict almost anything for her. She sang 'The Erl King,' and being near-sighted, like her father, she lost her place

and turned two pages at once. It was very embarrassing. Isolde says it was the fault of the accompanist. They are usually to blame for all the mistakes of singers. Isolde has a habit of singing a half tone below the pitch, but the professor says it is because she doesn't quite get her voice far enough back of the ears. It will come in time. As she is his only pupil he asked some friends to help out.

"Harold Sweetboy sang 'Ah, Moon of My Delight' in an intensely dramatic style. But Mrs. Pushbutton said it was a crime for anybody to look like Harold and have a tenor voice. Isn't she queer? Then came Mme. Bluff-Screecher, with that same lace scarf arranged to make her look slimmer, and sang that Brynhilda war cry and a tender little ballad, 'All For You,' by somebody named E. Algernon Jones. Mrs. Pushbutton said she thought the combination of Wagner and Jones was beyond criticism. She was in one of her moods so I didn't know how to take her. And she hasn't said a word about Isolde or the professor. When she don't say anything it makes me so nervous, because I know she is thinking, and just what she is thinking I would like to know."

THE LAVENDER LUNCHEON

"WHAT did I tell you?" Mrs. Featherweight looked very much pleased. "You remember what I said, when you were here last time, about the Tuesday Choral and Euterpe Madrigals wanting a man director. Well, they got one, as I predicted. Why, from the very start he began dictating. Every man has that habit. I suppose they get into it from dictating so many letters. But I would like to catch a man at it with me. Those men think they can boss the whole of creation, but they will find that a woman's club won't stand for them, smart as they think themselves.

"We wanted to have some choruses for the Lavender Luncheon, which was to be the event of the season, and so the director asked for spe-

cial rehearsals as he said the time was short. As if people could be giving time to rehearsals and so much going on.

"Lucille Westinghouse Graham was the only one who volunteered. But she is a charter member of the Oratorio and has a perfect passion for rehearsals. You know her, of course. She always sits in the same place in the front row and woe be to whoever sits in her seat by mistake.

"But, anyway, through urging, they got six more and gradually worked up to fifteen. Lucille told me that he was the most exacting man she ever met, and worked them to the verge of nervous prostration.

"Why, when poor Mary Hollowvoice held a note for two measures longer than the music called for, he stopped the whole thing and had them try it all over again. As if a measure more or less made any difference in a chorus. For my part, I think it is much more temperamental to not be so exacting. And, as Mary Hollowvoice says, he was only hired to give prestige to the club and not to train them for grand opera.

"Well, he nearly spoiled the Lavender Luncheon. It was a perfectly elegant affair and the members fairly outdid themselves in dress. We wanted especially to impress the Brooklyn Madri-

gals, and I guess we did. I wore Grecian with Roman touches, and Mrs. Pushbutton borrowed a black jet Russian coat to wear with her black princess. Oh, no, she isn't a member. She went as my guest. Our president was simply regal in her tiara. Nobody wore lavender because it is so trying.

"Nearly every member was there and when the president gave the signal and the girls marched up on the platform it was certainly a beautiful sight.

"Well, we were all ready and waiting, about two hundred of us, when the director came in, and I never saw such an expression on a human countenance as he looked at us. 'Madam,' said he to Mrs. Purseproud, the president, 'may I ask why these ladies are on the platform?'

" 'Why, to sing, of course,' said she in surprise.

" 'Is this a social or a musical club?' said he.

" 'Social, to be sure,' she replied in amazement.

" 'Then,' said he, 'you

Mrs. Featherweight in Grecian Costume

need a caterer, not a musical director,' and out he walked.

"It was a terrible moment, but as Mary Hollowvoice said, what could you expect from a man?"

A Troubadour

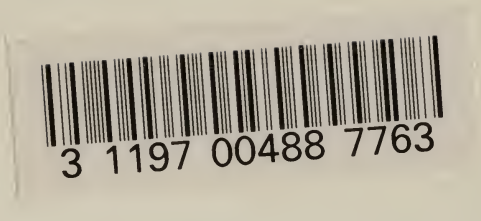
MRS. FEATHERWEIGHT'S DEAREST FRIEND

"HOW the winter has flown!" Mrs. Featherweight's chubby face tried to express her surprise at the flight of time. "Mrs. Pushbutton, my dearest friend, was saying the same thing this afternoon. I declare the weeks go by before one knows it and not a thing done—I mean toward the spring sewing. I hadn't a stitch to wear, but Mrs. Pushbutton insisted on my having her sewing woman this week. She is perfectly lovely that way. Such a true friend and so considerate and appreciative. I don't believe she has a selfish bone in her body. Only yesterday she complimented me on my fair complexion and said she had always en-

vied me my fine skin. You know she is dark, but really quite pretty and has a fine figure—for a thin woman. She is stunning in her black princess and I told her that if I looked as well in it as she does I would never wear anything else. She has a new gown—London smoke, the new shade, that is lovely, but I am used to the princess. Her taste in hats is wonderful and she has a new one that she says is just my style. You know I can carry off a large hat so well. She says I am so artistic. Of course, I am, but I was born so and it's no credit to me if I show taste. We went to a recital yesterday and Mrs. Pushbutton said she never saw me look better. I will say for her that she did look swell herself. You would never guess that her suit was a bargain and she trimmed the hat herself. Next to music I adore hats. Gladys Faraway and Bostona Emerson sat in the front row and Mrs. Pushbutton said they would queer any performance. She is as sensitive to environment as I am, and so musical. You'd be surprised. Bostona pulls her hair into such a tight knob at the back that George says he can't see how she can turn a corner. I don't know what he means, but it sounds funny. When we were coming out we came face to face with her, and Mrs. Pushbutton, to be polite, asked her how

Bostona Emerson

she enjoyed the playing and she said that he missed a thirty-second note on page twenty. And I said I hadn't noticed it. Mrs. Pushbutton laughed until she cried. Something struck her funny. She has a keen sense of humor like myself. That is why we are so congenial. She said Bostona escaped becoming a countess on account of her face. It seemed the count heard she was an heiress and Mrs. Pushbutton offered to introduce him. But when he saw Bostona's face he fell back and exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! She is impossible!' And you couldn't blame him. Have you never met Mrs. Pushbutton? Well, I must arrange a meeting. Everybody admires her and she is simply dear after you get to know her. We are inseparable on account of being so congenial. In fact, we have become so chummy that I insisted upon her calling me by my first name—Daisy."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